THE RESTLESS SEX

A Romantic Film Drama With MARION DAVIES

By ROBERT W. CHAMBERS

Watch for This Story in Motion Pictures.

"The Restless Sex," soon to be seen in all leading motion picture theaters, is a Cosmopolitan Production, released in a Paramount-Artcraft picture.

(Continued from Yesterday.)

Cleland Senior gazed at the frail cluster of frisia in silence.

Through the second floor hallway landing, in the library beyond, the boy could see his suitcase, and, lying against it, his hockey stick. Cleland Senior's preoccupied glance also, at intervals, reverted to these two significant objects. Presently he got up and walked out into the little library, followed in silence by Cleland Junior.

There was a very tall clock in that room, which had been made by one of the Willards many years before the elder Cleland's birth; but it ticked now as aggressively and bumptiously as though it were brand new.

The father wandered about for a while, perhaps with the vague idea of finding a match for his cigar; the son's clear gaze followed his father's restless movements until the clock struck the half hour.

"Father?"

"Yes, dear—yes, old chap?"—with forced carelessness which deceived neither.

"It's half past nine."

"All right, Jim—and time you're ready."

"I hate to go back and leave you all alone here!" broke out the boy impulsively.

It was a moment of painful tension.

Cleland Senior did not reply; and the boy, conscious of the emotion which his voice had betrayed, and suddenly shy about it, turned his head and gazed out into the back yard.

Father and son still wore mourning; the black garments made the boy's hair and skin seem fairer than they really were—as fair as his dead mother's.

When Cleland Senior concluded that he was able to speak in a perfectly casual and steady voice, he said:

"Have you had a pretty good holiday, Jim?"

"Fine father!"

"That's good. That's as it should be. We've enjoyed a pretty good time together, my son; haven't we?"

"Great! It was a dandy vacation!"

There came another silence. On the boy's face lingered a slight retrospective smile, as he mentally reviewed the two weeks now ending with the impending departure for school. Certainly he had had a splendid time. His father had engineered all sorts of parties and amusements for him—schoolboy gatherings at the ice rink; luncheons and little dances in their own home, to which school comrades and children of old friends were bidden; trips to the Bronx, to the Aquarium, to the Natural History Museum; wonderful evenings at home together.

The boy had gone with his father to see the "Wizard of Oz," to see Nazimova in "The Comet"—a doubtful experiment, but in line with theories of Cleland Senior—to see "The Fall of Port Arthur" at the Hippodrome; to hear Calve at the Opera.

Together they had strolled on Fifth Avenue, viewed the progress of the new marble tower then being built on Madison Square, had lunched together at Delmonico's, dined at Sherry's, motored through all the parks, visited Governor's Island and the Navy Yark—the latter rendezous somewhat empty of interest since the great battle fleet had started on its pacific voyage around the globe.

Always they had been together since the boy returned from Saint James school for the Christmas holidays; and Cleland Senior had striven to fill every waking hour of his son's day with something pleasant to be remembered.

Always at breakfast he had read aloud the items of interest—news concerning President Roosevelt—the boy's hero—and his administration; Governor Hughes and his administration; the cumberous coming of Mr. Taft from distant climes; local squabbles concerning projected subways. All that an intelligent and growing boy ought to know and begin to think about, Cleland Senior read aloud at the breakfast table—for this reason, and also to fill in every minute with pleasant interest lest the dear grief, now two years old, and yet forever fresh, creep in between words and threaten the silences between them with sudden tears.

But two years is a long, long time in the life of the young—in the life of a fourteen-year-old boy; and yet, the delicate shadow of his mother still often dimmed for him the sunny sparkle of the winter's holiday. It fell across his clear young eyes now, where he sat thinking, and made them somber and a deeper brown.

For he was going back to boarding school; and old memories were uneasily astir again; and Cleland Senior saw the shadaw on the boy's face; understand; but now chose to remain silent, not intervening.

So memory gently enveloped them both, leaving them very still together, there in the library.

For the boy's mother had been so intimately associated with preparations for returning to school in those blessed days which already had begun to seem distant and a little unreal to Cleland Junior—so tenderly and vitally a part of them—that now, when the old pain, the loneliness, the eternal desire for her was again possessing father and son in the imminence of familiar departure, Cleland Senior let it come to the boy, not caring to avert it.

Thinking of the same thing, both sat gazing into the back yard. There was a cat on the whitewashed fence. Lizzie, the laundress—probably the last of the race of old-time family laundresses—stood barearmed in the cold, pinning damp clothing to the lines, her Irish mouth full of wooden clothespins, her parboiled arms steaming.

At length Cleland Senior's glance fell again upon the tall clock. He swallowed nothing, stared grimly at the painted dial where a ship circumnavigated the sun, then squaring his big shoulders he rose with decision.

The boy got up too.

In the front hall they assisted each other with overcoats; the little, withered butler took the boy's luggage down the brown-stone steps to the car. A moment later father and son were spinning along Fifth avenue toward Forty-second street.

As usual, this ordeal of departure forced John Cleland to an unnatural, off-hand gaiety at the crisis, as though the parting amounted to nothing.

"Going to be a good kid in school, Jim?" he asked, casually humorous.

The boy nodded and smiled.

"That's right. And, Jim, stick to your Algebra, no matter how you hate it. I hated it too . . . Going to get on your class hockey eam?"

"I'll do my best."

"Right. Try for the ball team, too. And, Jim?"

"Yes, father?"

"You're all right so far. You know what's good and what's bad."

"Yes, sir."

"No matter what happens, you can always come to me. You thoroughly understand that."

"Yes, father."

"You've never known what it is to be afraid of me, have you?"

The boy smiled broadly; said no.

"Never be afraid of me, Jim. That's one thing I couldn't stand. I'm always here. All I'm here on earth for is you! Do you really understand me?"

"Yes, father."

Red-capped porter, father and son halted near the crowded train gate inside the vast railroad station.

Cleland Senior said briskly:

"Good-bye, old chap. See you at Easter. Good luck! Send me anything you write in the way of verses and stories."

Their clasped hands fell apart; the boy went through the gate, followed by his porter and by numerous respectable and neglible traveling citizens, male and female, bound for destinations doubtless interesting to them. To John Cleland they were merely mechanically moving impedimenta which obscured the retreating figure of his only son and irritated him to that extent. And when the schoolboy cap of that only son disappeared, engulfed in the crowd, John Cleland went back to his car, back to his empty, old-fashioned brownstone house, seated himself in the library that his wife had made lovely, and picked up the Times, which he had not read aloud at breakfast.

(To Be Continued Tomorrow.)

The Power of Suggestion

Drawn by C. D. BATCHELOR

When Hearts Are Trumps

By Virginia Terhune Van de Water.

Author of Nation-Wide Reputation and Writer of Popular Novels and Short Stories.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

But Wednesday morning's mail brought no letter from Robert Elliot for Barbara Paige. Cynthia knew that it would not. Had she not disposed of an epistle from this young man late last evening? Even an ardent lover would not write so soon again.

She was tired after the long drive and picnic, and did not descend to the breakfast-room as early as was her custom. She and her niece appeared beolw-stairs at the same time.

"I am going into the kitchen to speak with Delia," the spinster remarked. "Barbara, my dear, look over the mail and put your uncle's letters at his place."

Barbara obeyed eagerly, then, with a smothered sigh of disappointment, turned to say good morning to her uncle as he entered the room.

When breakfast was over, and she had finished her usual household tasks, she slipped into her hand-bag the letter she had written last night, and went out to mail it. She had meant to drop it into the post-box at the corner, but she felt a feverish haste to get it off, so walked all the way down to the post-office, where she deposited it in the box for out-of-town letters.

"When will something mailed now for New York leave here?" she inquired of the clerk at the stamp-window.

The man glanced at the clock. "On the 11 o'clock train," he answered.

She almost wished that she had attached a special delivery stamp to the envelope that Robert might receive her message tonight. But that would have been ridiculous, although she was in a hurry to have him knew the worst.

Never mind. Her note would reach him in the first mail tomorrow morning.

A SAD LECTURE.

She pictured to herself how he would open and read it. She was conscious of a pang of pity, for she remembered with a painful vividness now he had looked on Saturday evening when he told her that he loved her.

But a moment later she was remembering that he had not sent her a line except a miserable postcard, written, perhaps, on the train on his way to town, when he had nothing else to occupy his time. And he had concealed from her the fact that he had lingered at Mary Chamber's home on Sunday, when he might have been with her, Barbara Paige?

He was a conscienceless flirt? Well, if he flattered himself that he had been making a fool of her she would convince him that it had been only a flirtation on her part, too!

She hated to have him suppose that she was the kind of girl who would allow a man to kiss her, to hold her in his arms—just for the sake of flirting. But she would rather have him think that—disgusting as it was—than to believe that he was hurting her, that she had loved him when he had only been amusing himself with her. Yes—she would show him!

How? There was only one way—and that was through John Brandon.

Anyhow, even if Robert had loved her, she would have had to dismiss him from her life. She owed it to those who had supported her and cared for her all these years. Her duty was plain in any case. She would not put her hand to the plow and look back.

Her aunt met her in the hall as she entered the house.

"Where have you been, Barbara?" she inquired. "I did not know you were going out?"

"I only meant to go a little way—as far as the corner—but then went on farther," the girl evaded.

She looked tired, and Cynthia forbore to question her further. She would not coerce her in insignificant matters.

"A box came for you just now," with a meaning smile. "I put it in your room. I thought perhaps you would rather open it up there. It is from the nicest man you know."

A GIFT FROM BRANDON.

The box was on the table near her window, and Barbara closed her door before removing the string and cover. It was from the fashionable florist of Summerfield, and contained a huge bunch of English violets. The girl buried her face in their cool fragrance.

"Oh, how sweet they are!" she whispered. "They actually kill the scent of the honeysuckle as long as I hold them very close like this to my face."

Her own words brought a sudden inspiration to her.

If she thought only of Brandon, and of his goodness and kind acts, dangerously sweet and distressing, she might be able to banish the memories of Robert that rushed in upon her consciousness so often.

She would try. Oh, yes, she would! For John Brandon was so good, and so safe a person. There was no sign of flirting or of changeableness in him.

Under the violets in the box was a note:

"Dear Bab—Will you go for a drive at 4 o'clock this afternoon? I know a beautiful road on which I would like to take you—with your consent.

"But—I mean this—if you would rather not go, say so. Or if you would rather have a drive this evening—by moonlight—I will come then. Send me a line by the messenger who will call at noon.

"Yours, JOHN BRANDON."

When the messenger came, Barbara handed him a note. It was short:

"Dear Mr. Brandon—I will be ready at 4 o'clock. I am tired of moonlight. Yours, BABB."

"I am going driving with Mr. Brandon and 4 o'clock," she told her aunt and uncle at luncheon. "He sent me some violets. They are very pretty."

"How nice," Miss Cynthia exclaimed. "You must wear them."

But Barbara had already lapsed into silence.

To Be Continued.

BOOKS

THE PEACE CONFERENCE DAY BY DAY. By Charles T. Thompson. New York: Brentano's.

One of the most important books published on the Peace Conference is this day by day account of the proceedings, written by Charles T. Thompson, superintendent of the Associated Press foreign service. Mr. Thompson evidently had access to much that went on behind closed doors, so that there is opportunity to weigh the measure of the President's achievements by what he sought to do, and with a just estimate of the difficulties he encountered.

Almost from the moment of his landing in France, the idealism of the President clashed with the cynical views of European diplomacy. In his speech of welcome, M. Poincare, President of France, closed with these significiant words:

"Whatever precautions we may take, nobody, alas, can assert that we shall save humanity forever from further wars."

But the President had already asserted it, and made use of the same idea in responding to M. Poincare's welcome. And just a little later occurs this, indicative of the attitude of Clemenceau, the French premier: "Clemenceau's sharp tongue has been wagging quite freely about Wilson's idealism, and the President is aware of it. It was Clemenceau who said of the President's fourteen points, "Even the Bon Dieu got along with Ten Commandments.' "

On of the first concerns of the President was to commit Lloyd George to the League of Nations. Says Mr. Thompson:

"* * * At the Downing Street conference the President carried the day for making the league the paramount question before the Peace Conference, and he definitely committed the British Prime Minister to support of the project. But to what Lloyd George committed the President in return for acceptance of the League, is another question not yet disclosed."

The secret treatfes, made between the European powers previous to and during the war, were the cause of much disturbance in discussion of the territorial adjustments. The principal of these treaties were those between England, France, Russia and Italy, covering the division of land lying on the east coast of the Adriatic, and one between England and France relative to Syria. Just how far the President was familiar with these secret treaties is not apparent, but Colonel House, the President's representative, must have known of them, for all efforts failed to get the United States into a position committing it to recognition of the secret treaty of London.

Along the line of secret treaties, here is a very significant paragraph from Mr. Thompson:

"A curious phase has developed in the understanding or secret treaty between Great Britain and Japan by which Japan is to receive all of the Pacific island groups lying north of the Equator. This gives Japan the Marshal, Caroline, and Marianne groups. They lie just east of the Philippines, and appear to be designed by nature as a great strategic arc stretching around the Philippines. Just why the United States should close its eyes to such an acquisition is not quite clear."

Mr. Thompson has much to say in his book about the activities of the Japanese delegates to the conference. Colonel House, in conversation with the author, is quoted:

"* * * The Japanese were again making an incessant campaign for their equality amendment. They had just been in to see him, and he had sent them to Hughes, of Australia, saying that if they could win over Hughes they could probably succeed in their amendment, as everybody else was favorable now that it had been trimmed down to an innocuous declaration of equality. Hughes is irreconcilable."

Here is the author's comment on the seating of the Japanese delegation: "It was conceded on all hands that Japan had long occupied the place of a great power, both politically and in a military sense, but Japan had never before entered the council of the great powers on terms of equality for the consideration of Europe's internal questions and possibly, later on, with a voice as to America."

And there is much food for thought in this paragraph, relative to the initial participation of another country in the tangled affairs of Europe:

"This is the first time that America had taken the direction in councils of European powers on affairs of a distinctly European character. * * * This is distinctly flattering to the personal prestige of the President, but back of the personal element is the stern prospect that the United States has now definitely embarked in the direction and leadership of European internal questions." How Europe felt about us, is made clear in an incident which took place before the arrival in Europe of the President. At a conference between Lloyd George, Clemenceau and Colonel House, the European statesmen made it very plain that, the war having been won, the time had come for Europe to regulate its own affairs. They were willing to concede we had been of assistance in winning the war, but thought it might be well if the United States return to her traditional policy of detachment from the internal affairs of Europe. Despite such complications as were due to the internal disorders of Russia, the Adriatic dispute, indemnities, and the desire to partition the German colonial possessions, the President succeeded in having the covenant adopted by the council. History records many leagues, finely adjusted balances of power of much promise, but always a Brennus cast his sword into the scale and the resultant wars swept league or alliance into occlusion. Whether the League of Nations can succeed where history records the failure of the Holy Alliance of 1519, the Alliance of 1815, or the Three Emperors' League, remains to be determined.

Saving Money in the Home; Little Tricks For Women in Household Economics

By Elizabeth Lattimer.

JUST another batch of tempting recipes for Times readers, all of which have been tried and found not wanting.

BEET SALAD.

Mix two cups beets, diced; one cup potatoes, one-half cup sliced celery and one small onion, finely cut. Season with salt and pepper and moisten with mayonnaise dressing. Arrange on rows of lettuce leaves and garnish with sliced hard-boiled eggs.

CREAMED SALMON.

Put contents of a can of salmon into chopping bowl, add onion and chop all together. Make a cream white sauce, add salmon to this. Put in dish, add pepper and salt and sprinkle bread crumbs over top. Place in oven until browa and serve.

A GOOD SUMMER DISH.

Soak small new potatoes (white), using about six for each portion. Scour them with your "magic mitten" (the cotton and wire woven kind). This will remove the skin without waste. Boil them in salt water, drain off and let steam off. Arrange on warm platters and pour heated cream, about one-half pint for five servings, over the potatoes. On the edge of the platter arrange grated potcheese. If the cheese is not firm enough to be grated, form into small balls, salt slightly and decorate with tiny sprigs of green parsley. Sprinkle finely minced parsley over the potatoes and serve. Bread and butter, tea and home-made cookies complete the meal.

NUT GUMBLES.

Two cups flour, one cup sugar, two eggs, one-half cup butter, one cup English walnuts, one cup raisins, one teaspoon baking soda. Dissolve soda by adding one teaspoon water. Mix ingredients together. Break off small pieces of the dough and pat to one-quarter inch in thickness. Place on a buttered pan and bake about ten minutes in a hot oven.

THIS LETTER WINS TODAY'S ECONOMY PRIZE.

DEAR ELIZABETH LATTIMER:

I saw a very pretty bathing suit in a shop window the other day, and so went in and priced it. It was $15 and quite a little more than I could afford to pay. But I looked it over and I immediately conceived an idea of how I could have one nearly like it for comparatively nothing.

I had at home an old navy blue taffeta dress. It was made on straight simple lines, and so could be used without any material change. The sleeves were worn and also the bottom of the hem. Practically it was of no value as a dress, but by cutting off the skirt and taking the sleeves out it made a fine bathing suit.

I cut the bottom in points and crocheted around the edge of them in red, also around the neck and armholes. It being loose fitting, I crocheted a little red cord for around the waist. The next time I was downtown I bought a pair of black sateen bloomers for a dollar, to go with the suit, and it was complete. To my opinion it was just as pretty as the one in the shop window, and I had saved just $14.

M. W. HALL.

Corner Sherrie pl and Manning st. Potomac Heights, D. C.

MONDAY'S PRIZE WAS AWARDED TO THIS LETTER.

DEAR ELIZABETH LATTIMER:

My little boy, six years old, needed a spring suit, and after looking at suits in the stores, I found it would be quite impossible to pay the price they asked. So I happened to think of an old skirt I had. I ripped it all apart, washed with ivory soap, and when not quite dry ironed it on the right side, as I was going to make it up on the wrong side. It was a very good piece of dark blue French serge. I made a box-plaited norfolk suit just the exact copy of one I had seen in the stores. It looked so good after I had it done and well pressed that I was so proud of it and showed it to my friends, and they would hardly believe I had really made it. I made a buster brown collar out of a small piece of cannon cloth I had, which set off the suit so much more. So I not only saved $1, but many of them.

Mrs. D. J. O'CONNELL.

103 H street northwest.

TUESDAY'S PRIZE WON BY THIS WRITER.

Dear Elizabeth Lattimer:

I will tell how I made a satin skirt from the lining of a man's long overcoat. After ripping it out, I cleaned and pressed it, cut off the lower edge as it looked worn. I used the two front pieces for the side gores, placing the places that were worn from rubbing of pockets next to front seams. One piece of back lining I used for front, the other for back. I cut fancy pockets from the tops of front lining having the arm hole for opening of pockets and this opening I finished with tops of lining from back. I then placed the pockets over the worn-looking places, finished at waist line with casing for three rows of elastic, to be worn with or without belt. It looked so well that friends in D. C. thought I had bought it ready made, the satin is of a better quality than my daughter bought for $2 a yard.

I made a white cashmere dress for my six-year-old girl from a baby coat by cutting a round yoke from the circular cape. I turned the skirt part around using the front pieces in the back, so the seam would be down the back, joined to yoke in box plaits, recut sleeve and put cuffs on made from yoke pieces of coat. Trimmed in light blue feather stitching and French knot, it makes a nice dress for cool days. She is very proud of it and several persons have asked her where she got her pretty dress. The two garments were made entirely from discarded material, but saved me several dollars.

MRS. JOHN DEWEY,

Purcellville, Va.

Box 134.

WEDNESDAY'S PRIZE OF LAST WEEK GOES TO THIS LETTER.

DEAR ELIZABETH LATTIMER:

When recovering from a severe illness in a strange part of the city and desiring to have a little serge dress cleaned and pressed and too weak to hunt a cleaning establishment, I remarked to a friend that if I was strong enough I'd "tub it." She said, "How would you do it?" I told her I would first brush it well, especially in the plaits, then rip off the little satin collar and cuffs and hang it in the air while I washed and pressed them, then I would take some naphtha suds and clean the worst spots, then make a suds of Lux, only as hot as I could comfortably bear my hand in, to wash it. Having the plaits basted in, I would wash it like any other dress and press it with a damp cloth. She said if I would let her she would like to try it, which she did successfully, only charging me 50 cents. I told her I felt I owed her more than that. She said: "No; you have already paid me in giving me the ideas, for I washed a white woolen coat suit and saved me the price ($5) of having it cleaned and pressed, and I wouldn't have dared try it if I hadn't found how easy it was to do yours."

Having a pair of high-heeled patent leather Oxfords and needing a pair of walking shoes, I took my patent leather slippers to the shoemaker's and had the wooden heels removed and leather Cuban heels put on for $1.25. Now I have a comfortable pair of nice-looking, every-day shoes instead of a pair that were not nice enough for dress and made me too tired to walk in them, and I saved more than a dollar, because otherwise they would have been discarded and I'd spent more money for a new pair.

MRS. P. B. WEBSTER.

230 First street southeast.